wood, and at its foot is the CMteau des Pressoirs,
in a beautiful situation.

As I wander about the place, what recollec-
tions come over my mind, like the heavy clouds
of summer, full of thunder and storms- I could
fancy myself an eagle hovering about this ancient
seat of kings, or a being of other times escaped
from the Deluge. Behold the ruins of the habi-
tation of the mighty, whom I here saw in such
splendour only eleven years since, when I was
one of the many among the courtiers! There I
see the Queen's gilt closet, where Eden introduced
me and where I was greeted with her sweetest
smiles. Where now is the pomp of Louis XIV.
and Louis XV.? Where their ill-fated descen-
dants ?

I sometimes think of the words of your fa-
vourite psalm: "I myself have seen them in great
power, and flourishing like a green bay-tree; I
went by, and lo! they were gone, and their place
could nowhere be found," &c* And here am I
now, a public minister, exiled to this very place
by the men, the rulers of the earth, who crumbled
to the dust all that mighty pomp and

grandeur!

I could write this nonsense for an hour, for since my arrival here I have been troubled by the most melancholy reflections and recollections |